Falſ. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou oweſt God a death.

Falſt. T'is not due yet, I would be loath to pay him before his day: what need I be ſo forward with him that cals not on me? Well, tis no matter, honor pricks me on: yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then can honor ſet to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, honor hath no skil in Surgery then? no: What is honor, a word what is that word honor? what is that honor? aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday? doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: tis inſenſible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore Ile none of it, honour is a meere skutchion, and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Enter VVorceſter, and ſir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew muſt not know, ſir Richard
The liberall kind offer of the king.

Ver. Twere beſt he did.

VVor. Then are wee all vnder one.
It is not poſſible: it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and find a time,
To puniſh this offence in other faults,
Suppoſition, all our liues, ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes,
For treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
VVho neuer ſo tame, ſo cheriſht and lockt vp,
VVill haue a wilde tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how he can, or ſad or merily;
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feed like Oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the nearer death.
My Nephewes treſpas may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heat of bloud,
And an adopted name of priuiledge,
A hair-braind Hotſpur gouerned by a ſpleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head
And on his fathers. VVe did traine him on
And his corruption beene tane from vs,

We as the ſpring of all, ſhall p
Therefore good coſin, let no
In any caſe the offer of the Ki
Ve Deliuer what you will Ile
Hot. My vncle is returnd.
Deliuer vp my Lord of Weſtm
Vncle what news.
Wor. The King will bid y
Doug. Defie him by the Le
Hot. Lord Douglas, go yo
Doug. Marry and ſhall, and
Wor. There is no ſeeming
Hot. Did you beg any? Go
Wor. I told him gently of
Of his oath-breaking, which
By now forſwearing that he
Hee cals vs rebels, traitors, an
With hawty armes, this hate
Doug. Arme gentlemen, to
A braue defiance in King He
And Weſtmerland that was i
Which cannot chuſe but brin
Wor. The Prince of wales ſt
And, nephew, challeng'd you
Hot. O, would the quarrel
And that no man might draw
But I and Harry Monmouth
How ſhewd his talking? ſeem
Ver. No, by my ſoule, I nev
Did heare a challeng vrg'd m
Vnleſſe a brother ſhould a br
To gentle exerciſe and proo
He gaue you all the duties of
Trimd vp your praiſes with a
Spoke your deſeruings like
Making you euer better the
By ſtil diſprayſing praiſe, val
And which became him like